EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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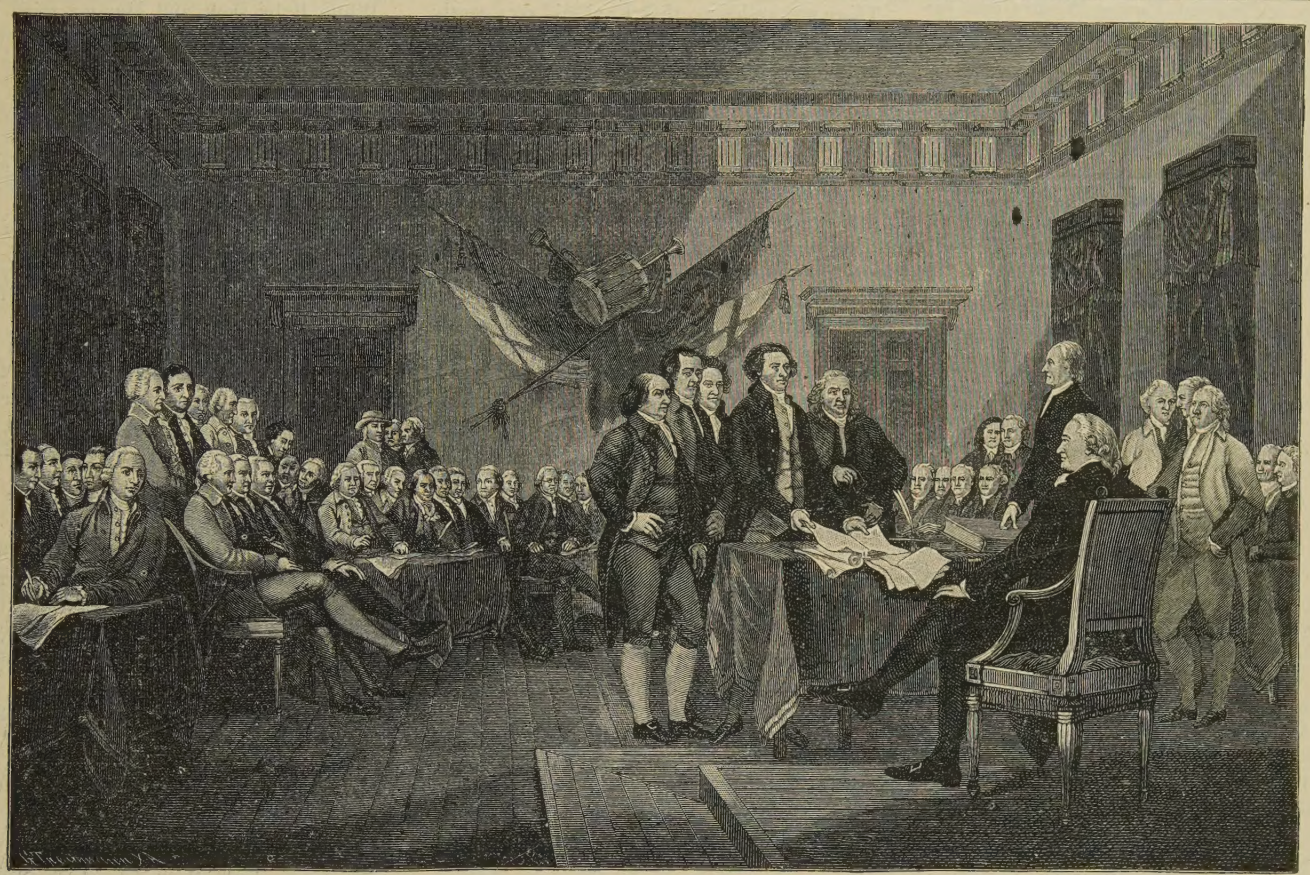


SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

ALL the boys and girls who read EVERY OTHER SUNDAY know the "story of the Signing;" but as this number of our paper bears date of July 4, it may be well for us to read that story together and see what it teaches.

We must not let the picture — an engraving from Trumbull's celebrated painting — lead us astray. The original document, penned by the hand of Jefferson, was not subscribed to by all the fifty-six signers on July 4, 1776. The Declaration was *adopted* on that memorable day, and the members of the Congress who had voted for its adoption gave it their signatures at that time. Other members signed it at later dates; but the original paper, which would be so interesting to us had it been preserved with its signatures, long ago disappeared. The document which is kept in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and of which a fac-simile is sometimes printed, is not the original Declaration on paper, but a copy of it made on parchment, and containing the signatures of the fifty-six signers. This parchment copy was signed on the second day of August, 1776.

It is well to know accurately these facts about the "signing;" but it is more important to understand the meaning of the "Declaration." It was a very bold step that our Revolutionary fathers took when, in congress assembled, they solemnly declared that the "United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." In spite of the warnings which such British statesmen as Burke and Pitt and Fox gave King George, that obstinate monarch was determined to crush out what he called the American "rebellion." In one of his letters to Lord North he wrote: —

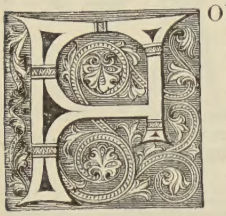
"Independence is the object of the Americans, which every man not willing to sacrifice every object to a momentary and inglorious peace must concur with me in thinking this country can never submit to. Should America succeed in that, the West Indies must follow; *Ireland would soon follow*, and this island, reduced to itself, would be a poor island indeed."

But the American statesmen of 1776 had the courage of their convictions. They not only knew their rights, but dared to maintain them. They looked not at present discouragements, — for it was a time of darkness and even of despair in the colonies when the trumpet-tone of the Declaration was heard, — but they thought of a great future which a free people could make, not for themselves alone, but for all mankind.

We honor these statesmen on every returning Fourth of July, because they were wise and brave; and because they were true to principle, and loyal to the right as God helped them to see the right. We need just such brave and true and unselfish men to-day; and we shall have them, too, if the children of 1886 grow up in the love of Right and of Truth, and in devotion to the highest good of humanity, as did the boys who in 1776 became the Fathers of this mighty Republic.

A NEW AND ORIGINAL FOURTH.

BY KATE L. BROWN.



"FOURTH of July is almost here," said Bert, fanning himself with a very dilapidated straw hat; "what shall we do this time?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Fred, chewing a grass stalk thoughtfully. "Seems as though we had done just about everything there is to do. I wish we could hit on something new."

"If you boys *can't* hit on something new, I shall be surprised," remarked Polly the sharp-tongued, with some quiet sarcasm.

"Believe we painted Farmer White's calf, for one thing," said Bert, pensively, yet with a merry twinkle in his brown eyes.

"That *was* patriotic!" continued Fred. "What a fine sight the 'Star Spangled Banner' was when we turned her loose!" and both boys choked at the memory.

"To tell the truth, things are getting rather stale," said Bert. "A fellow gets tired of crackers and such, and father won't let us have powder."

"Yes, and if you spend your money on candy and lemonade and the like, don't you feel nice when you go to bed?" grinned Fred.

"I don't believe that a 'Fourth' ever happened since you were babies, but that you boys were sick at the end," said Polly. "You go around at night blowing horns, and howling like so many demons; then just as people get asleep you begin firing off crackers."

"And you and your particular friend Janie lie awake all night talking over your secrets; then when the first ray of light comes you are up and off to see the 'Horribles.' Are you any more sensible than we, young lady?"

What would have been said in reply will never be known, for just then a loud cry was heard from the nursery, and Polly was off in a minute.

"Seems to me Polly takes a good deal of care of Baby, lately," said Fred, looking after at the flying figure.

"I've noticed it too," said Bert; "and I've noticed another thing, — how many headaches Mother has had this summer."

"She does n't look well either," Fred returned. "Oh, do you suppose she 's going to be sick and die, just as Joe Warren's mother did?"

The boys looked at each other with lengthening faces. It had never occurred to them before that their sweet, pretty little mamma could have anything happen to her.

"And Father looks all tired out too; he 's working too hard. *Both* of them are," said Bert very soberly. "Tell you what, Fred, *business* is at the bottom of it. Father has been worried for months, and that is why Mother has n't any girl now and does her own sewing. No wonder she 's tired."

"It does n't seem nice to spend three or four dollars on crackers and candy and nonsense, when Father and Mother work so hard."

"No, it does n't. I tell you what, let 's have a new plan this year. Instead of having a holiday ourselves, let us give Father and Mother one."

"What can we do?"

"Here comes Polly, she 'll help."

Polly came over the lawn with Miss Baby in her arms, the afghan over one shoulder and a string of spools over the other. Baby was placed on the afghan and given her favorite plaything. She sat very contentedly while the boys unfolded their plan. Polly listened with respectful attention, and when they had finished said with decision, —

"That 's the most sensible thing you ever proposed. I am so glad, for I was dreading the noise on Mamma's account."

"Is she really ill, Polly?" said Bert, anxiously.

"I think she is," replied Polly, soberly; "it has worried me. Three weeks ago I met Dr. Blake, and he said, 'I hope you are taking good care of your mother. She is far from well.' So ever since I have tried to be more helpful to her."

"Why did n't you tell us before?" demanded Bert a little sharply. "I guess Mother's boys would do as much for her as Mother's girl any day."

"I — I could n't," replied Polly briefly, winking away a tear.

There was a silence; then Fred said very gently, "I think I have a plan. Let us give up all idea of *noise*, and see if we can't give Father and Mother a quiet day to begin with. I will tell the boys not to come around with their horns the night before. We shall surely have a good night's sleep then. I also move that we put our money together, and buy ice-cream for the whole family."

"Why not try and make the cream ourselves?" said Polly. "Oh, such a good idea has come to me! You proposed giving them a holiday. Suppose we do every bit of the work ourselves. I will have Elinor's crib in my room, and take care of her for the night. Then we will all get up early and get breakfast. You boys must cut the kindlings, and bring the wood and water. I will make coffee and muffins; then you must look after all the barn-work too. We will do all the work all day, and let Papa and Mamma rest, read, talk, walk, or do anything they like."

"But you don't know how to cook, Polly," cried the boys triumphantly.

"I can learn," said the little maid, stoutly. "I will go to Grandma every afternoon while Baby has her nap, and she will teach me."

"We *can* make the ice-cream then," said Bert. "You can mix it up, and we fellows will freeze it."

"What shall we do with our money?" inquired Fred.

"Why not buy them each a present?" proposed Polly, brightly. "I don't see why it is n't proper, even if people don't usually make gifts on the 'glorious Fourth.'"

"How much have we in the green box?"

"I counted it yesterday, and found three dollars and sixty cents. Suppose we use three dollars, and let the sixty cents stay as another nest-egg."

"What can we buy with a dollar and a half?"

"We can buy Lowell's Poems for Mamma, and Matthew Arnold's for Papa. That will be just what they want."

The bell from the church-tower struck five. "I must set the table," said Polly, jumping up.

"Kindlings!" cried Fred, turning somersaults all the way down the gravel walk.

"Come, Miss Muggins," said Bert catching up the baby, who had taken off her shoes and stockings during the colloquy and thrown them away.

In three minutes the nook under the old apple-tree was silent. Behind the high stone wall a young man had been lying in his hammock. He got up softly and peered cautiously after the departing forms. On his side of the wall was a large stone house filled with every luxury money could buy. Opposite was the old brown gabled home of the Hamlins, — a nest full of love and sunshine, yet shabby and worn from the continual wear and tear of four pairs of childish hands and feet.

Percy Warner's brown eyes had a very soft light in them as he went back over the lawn. "Bless the children!" he said to himself. "Don't they make a fellow ashamed of his own selfishness?"

During the next week the Hamlins were very busy. School had just closed, so they had plenty of time for home work. Bert and Fred took care of the garden and the kindling wood without being told, and amused Baby so agreeably that the little lady forgot her troublesome teeth.

Polly worked under Grandma's care every day. It was hard work, for the weather was unusually warm, and failures were many. Still, the day before the Fourth she had a chance to whisper to Bert as they left the dinner-table, "My cake is just lovely, light as a feather."

While Baby slept and Mamma tried to drive off the sick headache, occasioned by the week's ironing, the children took off their shoes and set to work.

Parlor, sitting-room, and halls were swept, dusted, and darkened, and all the vases were filled. Then Polly ran over to Grandma's to talk over salads; the boys mounted guard in the hall to listen for the little voice from the nursery, and to rest, for they were sadly tired.

The "glorious Fourth" dawned bright, hot, and cloudless, yet with a little breeze from the lake.

"Dear me!" said Mamma Hamlin on awakening, "*Seven o'clock!* Can you believe it, Roger?"

"How did we happen to sleep so?" answered Papa Hamlin, looking rather bewildered. "And where are all the horns and crackers? Bless me, where 's my baby?"

"Polly took her for the night," replied Mamma. "The child is a real little woman. I must hurry and get breakfast. The boys, doubtless, were off early to see the 'Horribles.'"

Just at that moment a tap sounded at the door. It was pushed open a crack, and Polly's voice said, "Don't hurry, Mamma, we are getting breakfast; it is almost ready."

"Don't believe I 'll like your cooking, young lady," sung out Papa from his dressing-room.

"You need n't eat if you don't like it," said Polly, demurely. "Please, Mamma, wear your white wrapper."

"Where is Baby?"

"She is on the piazza with Fred, as gay as a little bird. I have washed and dressed her. Now, Mamma, I must look after my oven."

"What *are* those children up to?" queried Mamma to herself. "I must go and see." But the bell rang before Mamma had done dressing.

The dining-room was cool and sweet with flower-breath when Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin entered it. The table was neatly spread. Miss Baby sat up circumspectly in her high chair with a brother on either side. Polly was behind the urn, and all four had shining hair and clean faces a little flushed by the unwonted hurry.

"Dear me!" said Papa, "what does it all mean? It *looks* very nice, but how will it taste?"

"Try and see, sir," said Bert, discreetly.

The oatmeal was "just right," the muffins "light as a feather," the omelet "delicious," the coffee "good as Parker's." What more praise could the young cook desire? Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin were accustomed to children's plans, so they asked few questions, but thoroughly enjoyed the novel situation.

After breakfast Polly said, "Mamma, why

don't you and Papa drive over and see Aunt Millie? You have been wanting to for a long time. We will keep house and get dinner."

"You want to get us out of the way," replied Mrs. Hamlin, roguishly.

"Yes, we do," admitted Polly, frankly. "Be a dear good woman and go; but be back by three."

So, about an hour later, Papa and Mamma and Miss Baby drove away, leaving the coast clear for the young workers.

How the hours flew! The boys wiped dishes, helped make beds, and waited on Polly, who tripped about in a big apron, curls tied up, and a flour dab on her little pug nose. They had a few mishaps, but did not lose heart. Even Bert failed to grumble when the fire went out.

Right in the midst of their hurry steps were heard coming down the hall. Polly stopped with a big spoon in her uplifted hand and stared at the intruder.

"Excuse me," said Percy Warner. "I rang the bell and knocked, but no one came."

Polly had not a word to say; her cheeks only grew redder.

"Hallo, Warner!" said Fred, easily, "come in. We are getting dinner. Father and Mother are having a holiday."

"I have come to invite you all to a boat-ride this evening. We will land at Primrose Island and send up some fireworks!"

"Hurrah!" cried Fred, who in his secret heart had longed for such a fate. "You're a trump, Warner."

Bert clashed the kettle covers, while Polly only smiled from a rapture of content.

"Do let me help," said Percy. "Why, I've cooked in camp many a time."

Somehow before Polly knew it, off came his coat and cuffs, he had tied on a big apron, and then the fun began. How things were whisked about in that big kitchen, and how the boys did joke and laugh! Polly soon forgot her shyness, and dinner progressed finely.

When Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin drove up the avenue after three, they found everybody in party dress. The table was set out under the trees and decorated with hot-house roses that Percy had brought. Polly in her new white dress, and the boys, with their best clothes and severely tied collars, were on the steps to welcome them. Back of the group stood Percy, a little in doubt as to whether he should go or stay. Polly settled the question by saying eagerly, —

"Percy is here, Mamma, and he must stay, must n't he? He helped ever so much, and brought such lovely berries and flowers."

Percy did stay, and a happy time followed. On the table were rolls, cold ham and tongue, salad, cake and kisses, all prepared by Polly's hands. Percy's flowers filled a silver dish, and great over-ripe strawberries from the Warner beds were heaped in the two cut-glass dishes. By Papa's and Mamma's plates were the proposed poems, bound in red and gold, with a few loving words written in each.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin were touched and surprised by all this thought and love. It was more than they could expect from their play-loving children. The tale of the week was re-told, and all laughed over its many blunders.

At the close of the day, after the lovely sail down the river, after the wonderful fireworks whose glories would long be talked over, the tired happy children crept up to bed.

"What a splendid Fourth!" said Polly, sleepily; "best we ever had."

"It pays to do something for Father and Mother," returned Bert. "Let's try again."

"What dear children we have!" said Mrs. Hamlin, as she sat in her room after all was still.

"Yes, indeed," replied her husband, warmly. "Little woman, I guess we shall pull through these hard times. I feel rich in my manly boys and precious girls."

"Pretty good time," soliloquized Percy Warner in the silence of his own room. "Wonder if there is n't another boy who ought to do something for his mother!"

Perhaps that was why a certain young man made his appearance at a sea-side place, where his mother and sisters had often summoned him with ill success. And if he dressed, drove, and danced, was attentive and thoughtful to that mother and those sisters, it was not merely because he enjoyed the life. The memory of three children planning unselfishly for their dear ones was the real leaven that was working in his life, making it truer and manlier day by day.

WATCHING THE BIRDS.

BY M. E. N. HATHAWAY.

One morning, as Nelly and Alice were looking out of the open window of their play-room they saw a robin in the apple-tree that stood close by. She flew away, and then came back with some sticks and straws in her bill, and began to make a nest on a branch that almost touched the house.

It was so near that the little girls could watch every movement she made. In the afternoon they left their work-basket on a table beside the window, and the robin hopped in and picked out a skein of tangled thread and carried it off to put into her nest. Then they put some strings on the branch, and she took them quickly and wove them in among the sticks and straws.

They saw her bring some mud, and plaster it around the inside of her tiny house, and then she brought some fine grass and lined it so that it was soft and warm. In a few days it was finished, and soon afterwards Nelly and Alice spied some blue eggs in it, and then they watched Madam Robin sitting on them. They liked to see her tilting up and down when the wind blew and shook the tree. They were careful not to make a loud noise because they did not want to frighten her. Sometimes they put grain and crumbs of bread on the window-sill where she could get them.

After a while there were four young ones in the nest, and then the mother bird was going backwards and forwards all day feeding them with worms that she found in the garden.

Nelly and Alice spent a great deal of time at the window, watching the little family. They enjoyed it so much that they felt quite sorry when the young ones were old enough to take care of themselves, for then they all flew away.

Their papa said that perhaps the old robin would come again to the apple-tree to build her nest, and in a few weeks she really did come back. She hopped about over the branches for two or three days, and then went to work. She put a new lining into her old nest and laid some more eggs, and raised another brood. Nelly and Alice watched the second family till they too flew away.

Now papa says, "You must look out for your robin next spring, she 'll not forget how well she fared under your window."

If a man empties his purse into his head no one can take it from him.

History and Biography.

SILVIO PELLICO, THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

BY KATHARINE HAGAR.

Two prisoners were enduring what is called with truth an inquisitional visit from a director-general of the police. The younger of the two, a gentleman and a scholar, thirty-seven years of age, was near-sighted, and had worn spectacles for many years. The inquisitor (we will hope that he was not aware of the suffering that he was inflicting by his petty persecution) asked Silvio Pellico, "Who has given you permission to wear these spectacles?" The answer shows the patient spirit of the poor Italian martyr: "Every one and no one. I have been imprisoned here at Spielberg for three years. I have never taken them from my eyes except at night. The governor, the Count Mitrowski, the superintendent, you yourself, have always left them to me." Piero Maroncelli, the friend and prison companion of Pellico, records the stupid answer of the inquisitor: "I have never seen them, I do not remember; it is an irregularity, I cannot return them to you."

No wonder poor Silvio Pellico replied indignantly, "You do more than the emperor. He has given me fifteen years of 'severe imprisonment,' but you deprive me of sight." At the same time the wooden forks that these two gentlemen used were taken from them, and they were obliged to carry their food to their mouths with their fingers. The deprivation of forks seemed more absurd, because they were ordered to knit with five long wooden needles each a pair of stockings a week, and as Maroncelli said in pleading for them, "We could tie together these needles and make forks of them." It is comforting to know that through the intercession of Count Mitrowski, the spectacles were restored to Pellico.

Silvio Pellico wrote many tragedies while he was in prison as well as previous to his incarceration, but it has been well said that his greatest tragedy was the tragedy of his life. In his book, "My Prisons," he describes the suffering he endured in Venice under a leaden roof in midsummer, with a large window looking on the roof of St. Mark's, which cast an almost intolerable reflection of heat. Being nearly devoured by clouds of gnats, his amusement consisted in watching a spider spinning its web, to which he gave a feast of gnats and flies, which, he says naively, the spider liked much better than he did. In another prison he suffered much with cold. Again he was forced to live in a subterranean dungeon without light, or with brutal jailers, as at Spielberg; but in all these trials his sweetness of temper and resignation, his patience and humility of spirit, excite our wonder and admiration.

He was born in Piedmont, in 1788, and died in Turin, in 1854; but his health, always delicate, was ruined by his sufferings in prison, and the last years of his life were devoted to the care of his aged parents, without any attempt, which he knew too well would be unsuccessful, to struggle again for the independence of his country. His spirit was broken by ten years of captivity.

He urges his readers in a short treatise on "The Duties of Men" not only to have courage to defend their country, but courage to endure sickness, pain, and anguish of all kinds without cowardly lamentations. He says: "These virtues, humility and gentleness, are not brilliant, but hold to them. They are worth more than all glory."

Our Letter-Box.

THE Editor would acknowledge the receipt of notes from Ethel L. Peirce and G. N. Crawley, containing correct answers to some of the puzzles in our back numbers.

A FOURTH OF JULY ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and thirty-two letters.

My 8, 127, 6, 115, 4, 131, 86, 7, 124, 40;
My 36, 31, 48, 106, 108;
My 1, 116, 68, 9, 123, 15, 46;
My 126, 24, 53, 100, 111, 121;
My 83, 52, 33, — 102, 93, 5, 114, 67;
My 11, 39, 29, 72, 12, 10, 28, 63;
My 14, 2, 25, 105, 81;
My 19, 60, 2, 94, 107, 77;
My 3, 130, 30, 94, 1, 97, 29, 76;
My 34, 32, 17, 72, 37, 18;
My 49, 93, 37, 20, 66, 98, 36, 85;
My 25, 119, 128, 96, 92, 94, 120;
My 86, 100, 66, 128, 112;
My 113, 127, 2, 21, 13;
My 86, 36, 29, 57, 45, 35, 94, 132; and
My 96, 30, 64, 83, 44, 94, 36, 53, 95, — have all been Presidents of the United States.

My 87, 36, 16, 23, 50, 33, 86, 51, 62, 40, 55, — 71, 82, 5, 59, 47, 41, 48, 2;
My 70, 116, 61, 74, — 132, 127, 2; and
My 80, 75, 36, 46, 129, 78, 86, 58, 83, 101, 33, 86, — 31, 48, 2, — are days we celebrate.

My 37, 69, 40, 96, 73, 5, 31, and my 65, 93, 46, 129, 26, 5, — 88, 84, 94, 25, are two celebrated battles of the Revolutionary War.

My 94, 36, — 125, 39, 2, 38, 99, 104, 44, and my 129, 89, 79, 37, 4, 103, 90, 129, 56, are two celebrated foreigners who assisted us in our struggle for Independence.

My 30, 15, 5, 31, — 96, 97, 29, 33, 22, 36, 94, 94, 4, 122, surrendered to Washington.

My 117, 17, 5, 18, 86, 29, 4, 33, 21, — 27, 91, 9, 109, 38, was the first native-born American citizen.

My 117, 116, 42, 81, 82, 96, 129, — 43, 44, 40, 77, 2, was an American orator and statesman.

My 118, 48, 110, 5, 9, 15, 54, 12, 6, 1, is an essential characteristic of a good citizen.

My whole is a noble sentiment once expressed by George Washington.

A NEW TESTAMENT ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-five letters.

My 15, 10, 22, 33, 17, 27, and my 6, 28, 13, 30, 17, 23, fed the multitude.

My 1, 7, 16, 21, — 10, 29, 14, — 32, 35, 7, 19, 30, 34, 8, is what Jesus commanded us to do.

My 5, 20, 10, 5, 30, 26, 19, the Jews took Jesus to be.

My 6, 28, 18, 30, and my 30, 10, 35, 21, 9, Christ is said to have eaten after his resurrection.

My 5, 2, 11, 15, was the first Christian missionary.

My 19, 32, 12, 17, 27, one of the parables was upon.

My 5, 28, 31, 19, 3, Paul said we should have at home.

My 19, 25, 4, 19, 30, Pilate asked Jesus to explain.

My 13, 2, 24, 15, persecuted the Christians.

My whole is a command from the Sermon on the Mount.

Y.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT woman died near Bethlehem whose eldest son became a ruler over Egypt?

2. What woman, after living many years in Moab, returned to Bethlehem, bringing with her a beautiful daughter-in-law whom a wealthy Bethlehemite married?

3. What prophet was sent to Bethlehem to find there a king for Judah?

4. What king, in a time of war, longed for a drink from the well by the gate of Bethlehem?

5. What was Bethlehem's greatest event?

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN No. 20.

XIX. April showers bring May flowers.

XX. "False prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing."

ENIGMA XXII.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 8, 6, 2, 16, 3, 5, 9, 4, 13, are necessary accompaniments of the "glorious Fourth."

My 7, 15, 12, 8, 14, is what Fourth of July brings.

My 8, 15, 12, 3, 19, is what every one gets on that day.

My 10, 18, 11, 5, 13, is where some of us would like to go on the Fourth.

My 17, 15, 1, 8, is what we all received on the Fourth of July, 1776.

My 1, 12, 3, 4, 19, 11, 7, explains what that was.

My whole is what the Puritans came to America to find.

CHARADE VIII.

My first could burn my second up,
Yet only helps to make it;
My second, if crumbed in a cup
With milk, I'd quickly take it;
My whole is burned to make a noise
By mischief-loving girls and boys.

For Youngest Readers.

TORPEDOES AND KEYS.

BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.

IF I don't do another careless thing, may I have some torpedoes on the Fourth?" asked Harry.

"Yes, if you don't," replied his mother.

"Why, I have only got to go to the party to-night; and any kind of a fellow could be careful that little while," he answered.

"We'll see," said his mother; "but get ready now, for it is almost time for you to start. You are to stay all night at your uncle's, and come home to-morrow. Don't forget anything."

"Not this time," shouted Harry; as he ran upstairs to get his bag, and then bidding his mother good-by, he started across the fields to his uncle's.

From there he went to a party with his cousins. He had never before been to a party that began as late as seven o'clock, and he was to stay till nine o'clock. It was a tremendous thing to do, he said to himself, and it showed that he was growing to be a big boy.

At the party he played blind-man's buff and magic tricks and pillow games. Then they all had ice-cream on the piazza. Harry had eaten both the pink and the white kind, when a dish of birds was brought on to the table, all made out of gay-colored sherbets. He knew he ought not to eat any more, but then, he thought, he might never again have a chance to eat a sherbet bird, pink and brown; so he concluded to take just one, and to carry his plate into the porch by the door, where no one would see him. He had just cut off the head of the bird, when some playmates came up. Then of course, as they were all boys, they began "to fool" with one another, and bang the door back and forth, and twirl the outside key, which was in the keyhole. Soon it was nine o'clock, and they all had to go off in a hurry.

Hal never before had had such a good time. It was fun to go to a party without nurse or mother. He talked all the way home to the boys, and in his room he kept on talking to himself while undressing; when as he put his hands in his pockets to empty them, he gave a long whistle and exclaimed, —

"My sakes! now what will they do? They'll have robbers and murderers come in on them fast as lightning!"

"What's the matter?" said his cousin, entering, "I heard you whistle."

"See here," was the answer, "I've got their door-key. When we were 'fooling' there in the porch I s'pose I must have put it in my pocket. I did n't do it on purpose; I only forgot, and"— but he stopped, for his mother's words came to him. "It is always my luck," added he, peevishly.

"Luck!" replied Ned, contemptuously, "it is your own carelessness. But don't stand there like a stupid; you can't carry the key back to-night."

"Oh, dear, they will be murdered, and I sha'n't have any torpedoes! What can I do?" he asked.

"Go to bed," was the answer; "get up early and return the key."

Poor Hal, angry and sad, had to follow this advice. The next morning he returned the key, half expecting to meet a gang of robbers. But the house was safe, only its master had spent a long while, after the party, hunting for the key, and then had barricaded the door.

After breakfast, Harry went home.

"Well," asked his mother, "have you had a good time?"

"Oh, nothing much," he answered. "The pillow fights were fun, and so were the birds; only I forgot and took home their outside door-key in my pocket; and as I can't have any torpedoes, I am just going to bed where I can't hear a Fourth of July sound."

So the unhappy, careless little fellow spent most of the day sleeping, and dreaming of torpedoes and keys.

A YOUNG INDEPENDENT.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

A BORN CARPENTER.

BY MRS. S. L. CLAYES.

It was one day in the early spring that we first noticed her, flitting about near the lower end of our garden. She was even then intent upon the building of her house; and watching her we were soon ready to acknowledge that she had fairly earned the name which had been bestowed upon her, — the Carpenter Bee.

She chose out a weather-beaten post suited to her need, found upon it a spot well sheltered from the rain, and then began her building. First, with her powerful jaws she cut a hole, reaching straight into the post, an inch or two in length, and large enough for her to turn about in. She then changed her direction, and bored at a right angle with this passage, now working with the grain of the wood, until she had made a hole several inches in depth. This was accomplished only by a great deal of severe labor on the part of our little carpenter, for she was very small, and was also exquisitely neat and orderly in all her ways. Every chip that she cut she carried away and stored carefully where it would be protected from the wind.

When she had made the hole as deep as seemed to her to be necessary, she flew to the garden, where we saw her visiting a large bed of crocus blossoms, — going and returning again and again to her new house, each time carrying great balls of pollen upon her thighs. This pollen she formed into a little pyramidal heap upon the bottom of the hole, and laid an egg beside it. Then she flew away to where she had placed her carefully saved chips, and selecting one brought it back to her house, carried it in and fastened it with a sort of glue from her mouth to the side or wall of her hole, at that height above the floor which she considered right for the ceiling of her first story. This she repeated, gluing the fragments of wood into rings inside of rings, until she had completed a firm partition which served as a roof of the lower room and the floor of the one above. Then she brought in another supply of pollen, which was intended to serve for the food of the young worm when it was hatched, laid another egg, and sealed up the second room.

She repeated this time after time until the hole was full, — a task which occupied her for several days. Then after a flight in a new direction, she came back flying slowly and heavily, laden with a pellet of clay. With this she began to plaster over the outer entrance of her house. Many pellets were required to complete the clay cover, but when it was finished one could not imagine a more effectual barricade against such intruders among the insect tribes as might wish to prey upon her young. The color of the clay was so nearly like that of the weather-worn wood of the post, that it must completely have escaped our observation if we had not known just where to look for it.

Some days after all was finished and the mother carpenter had disappeared, we carefully cut into the post and exposed to view the interior of the little dwelling. We found it was composed of six stories, or rooms, which were nearly square in shape. The side-walls were formed of the wood of the post, the partitions were of the glued chips, and about as thick as good pasteboard. The wood was not lined with any foreign substance, but was cut as smoothly as it could have been finished by a skilled workman. The tiny rooms were arranged in a singular fashion, two being upright like our own, two lying upon their sides, and the others at different angles.

When the eggs hatch, the little grubs find their food lying close beside them. They are greedy fellows; they eat and grow rapidly, and soon attain their full size. Presently they go into chrysalis, in doing which they turn the head downward. So when the perfect bee is hatched, it finds itself in this position, and gnaws its way downward out of its nursery without disturbing the younger members of the family which lie above it, and which may not yet be quite ready to leave their cells.

There are other varieties of carpenter bees, some of them being very small, and building their tunnel-shaped nests in the pith of decayed briers. Others line their rooms with bits cut from the gayest petals of flowers, making them dainty enough for the reception of fairy babies.

POLISH YOUR SHIELD.

BY CHARITY DYE.

Little John Burns was born on the Fourth of July. He was not many years old before his friends found out that no birthday gift suited him half so well as a story-book, and so he always got one on that day.

One Fourth of July he became the happy possessor of Hawthorne's "Wonder Book." He read it with great delight, and soon counted Perseus and Hercules among his personal friends. So well did he like these heroes that he longed to imitate them in doing some brave deed. An opportunity came a little while after in a fall which he had from the barn-loft. As soon as he reached the ground he sprang up, making himself believe that it did n't hurt, notwithstanding that he had displaced his collar-bone and had received such a shock that he was compelled to lie flat on his back for weeks. He was so patient under this, that Aunt Mary said it seemed as if he had always been an invalid.

These days indoors were very fruitful ones for John Burns. He and his mother had many a good talk that would have been missed except for this fall. His mother was busy with the cares of home, and worked hard. He was a real out-of-doors boy, thus making a quiet talk between them a great rarity.

In one of these talks, John asked his mother what she thought Perseus and Hercules would do if they were on the earth now. There were no more dragons to slay nor hard things to do, such as they did in the olden time. His mother told him that Perseus and Hercules still had their representatives in the world, and that they did harder work than the Perseus and Hercules of old; that the dragons now to be slain and the monsters now to be overcome are no longer seen by the outward eye, neither are they sought for in foreign lands; but are oftenest to be found in our own hearts and homes. There are the smiling dragons of deceit, dishonesty, and laziness; the grim dragons of discontent and despair; the crouching dragons of cowardice and fear; the defiant dragons of disrespect and lawlessness; and perhaps the most ugly and the most common one of all, — the dragon of selfishness. Many are they who have this dragon to overcome. On the other hand, we find help ready to aid us in conquering these dragons. Just as Pallas helped Perseus to capture the Medusa, so do we have faculties to overcome each dragon separately.

"If that be true," said John, "one will have to slay a great many little dragons before he can be able to kill a Medusa."

"Yes," said his mother, "I have often wondered whether saying that Perseus cut off the head of the Medusa was not simply another way of saying that Perseus mastered himself."

"I remember how obedient Perseus was," said John. "When Pallas told him to polish his shield, he did it at once without question. When I read it I wanted to ask what that was for. What difference could it make in slaying a dragon whether a shield be bright or rusty? Besides, a bright shield might endanger Perseus by causing the dragon to see him before he saw the dragon. But when the time came, I saw that the bright shield made all the difference. Perseus could not have gotten the head of the Medusa without the shield for a looking-glass."

"I am glad you noticed that," said his mother. "Have you thought that every one must polish his shield if he would be ready for the emergencies of life? The kind of shield has changed to suit the dragon to be met; both are invisible now."

"How can one polish an invisible shield?" said John.

"What are shields for?" asked his mother.

"For protection," replied John.

"Did Perseus use his for anything else?" asked his mother.

"Yes, to see in."

"So if the shield is bright, it gives us insight as well as protection."

"I understand you now," said John; "go on."

"Then," said his mother, "every act of obedience, self-sacrifice, or courtesy to others polishes our shields. Every faithful fulfilment of trusts is polishing our shields. Every time we are more afraid to do wrong than to suffer, we are polishing our shields. To hold our lives ready to be given up freely for a principle, for country, or for our flag, is having our shields polished, ready to do valiant service."

"I mean to polish my shield," said John, "and be a brave man. Do you think anything will ever happen while I live wherein I shall have a chance to show how brave I am? The Revolutionary and Civil wars are over, and it is not likely that we shall have any more wars."

"I trust we shall not," said his mother. "But times of peace require just as brave souls as times of war. 'Independence' being gained and 'Freedom' established, it takes the greatest skill and wisdom to guard them and use them aright. You have made a very good start towards helping to do this, in your knowledge of United States history. I was pleased to hear you explaining to your cousins on your birthday the reasons for celebrating the Fourth of July, and why it was called Independence Day."

"Does n't the celebration of the Fourth of July help to polish the shield of the nation with patriotism?" said John.

"Yes," said his mother. "So does the observance of Decoration Day, — our 'Saints of Valor Day.'"

Thus it is that John Burns takes a double pride in the celebration of the Fourth of July. Each year finds him more thankful for having the same birthday as that of American Independence. While the guns are firing, the flags floating, and the speeches are making, he invariably remarks, "We are polishing our shields."

"AMERICA FOR THE CHILDREN."

BY EUGENIE ELDRIDGE.

It was many years ago that a company of merry boys and girls with their elders assembled in a fine leafy grove, where the breezes of the Atlantic swept fresh and free, to celebrate our national anniversary, the Mecca of the summer to every child of the Republic,— the Fourth of July.

The day was delightful. The bright warm sun, the fresh breeze blowing everywhere, the leafy grove, the stately trees, over all the starry banner waving its protecting folds; also the stage, or platform, and the long tables betokening a picnic dinner, — ah! how they are all impressed upon my memory.

It was long ago, but the boys and girls were laughing and eager, much like the boys and girls of to-day; and as this gathering was principally for their pleasure, they were to aid in singing and in reciting a few well-chosen pieces.

We met at the schoolhouse and marched in good line to the grove, where prayer was offered by the venerable minister, and the day formally opened.

How the strains of "America" rang out on the air! "My country, 'tis of thee," inspired every heart with patriotic fervor. There were few war-songs then, such as are now heard, for civil war had not yet darkened our fair land. Mutterings were heard deep and sullen, and the far-sighted, scanning the coming years with eye prophetic, would exclaim, "For the sin of slavery nothing but blood will atone!"

But to this little company gathered in the quiet seaside town, the past and not the future, was the thought of the hour.

The days of '76 were brought to mind, and even those further back, when a little band of exiles landed on our shores, having left home and friends for conscience' sake; for a little girl responded to her name with, "The Pilgrim Fathers." I will quote here two stanzas of this fine poem: —

"The Pilgrim Fathers, — where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay and throw their spray
As they break upon the shore.
Still roll in the bay as they rolled that day
When the May-Flower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the waves with snow.

"The pilgrim exile, — sainted name!
The hill whose icy brow
Rejoiced when he came in morning's flame,
In morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head,
But the pilgrim, — where is he?"

It is a selection well worth remembering, and I would like to quote it all. That little girl is a woman now in the midst of the duties and cares of a busy life, but she remembers clearly some things which the good Superintendent said concerning these Pilgrims, — that he told us they were men of honest, earnest purpose, fearing neither the perils of the pathless ocean nor the dangers of the wilderness. For a wilderness was the country to which they came, an almost unbroken forest, inhabited by savage Indian tribes. Leaving friends, country, home, all for freedom, — religious freedom, in the very highest sense of the word, — they sought the New World. And it was not so much after all for themselves that they came, but for their children, — that *they* might have the benefit of free institutions, freedom of thought, freedom of action. Therefore one of their mottoes was, — "America for the children!"

"But the Pilgrim, — where is he?"

The Superintendent had visited Plymouth, the ancient town settled by the Pilgrims; visited the old Pilgrim burying-ground, Memorial Hall, and other points of historic interest; sailed on the waters of Plymouth Bay, and touched the Rock of world-wide fame, — but the Pilgrim himself was not there.

To the children and the rising generation must we look for the spirit and the principles which the Pilgrims fostered. When we see the youth of our day making the most and best of their many advantages, preparing themselves to fill with credit the places of the fathers, upholding the grand institutions which they planted, making the church the first and greatest light, — then shall we know that America is indeed for the children.

Thus spoke the good man long ago, and his words are equally true to-day. Indeed, so long as the national colors, the old flag, shall wave over a united people, so long shall "America be for the children."

Teachers' Department.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL: HOW MAY WE IMPROVE IT?

BY E. J. LEWIS, JR.

A Paper read at the Norfolk Conference, June 9, 1886.

If Methuselah had been made a Sunday-school superintendent at the age of twenty, and had done his whole duty in that capacity until the time of his death, he might possibly shortly before his demise have been warranted in laying down a few rules for the management of these most perplexing organizations; but for an ordinary mortal to attempt such a feat is exceedingly hazardous, and in my own case would be almost an impertinence.

As each individual person differs from every other individual, so each school differs from all other schools; and each requires a management more or less peculiar to itself.

We are all travelling toward the same goal; but our paths are over such different soils, and the difficulties to be overcome are so varied, that each flock will do best to depend upon its own guide, keeping near enough to the others, however, to take advantage of their successes, and to take warning from their failures.

There are two evils, nevertheless, with which I presume every superintendent is obliged to contend, and which to my mind are the two difficulties which tend most to produce the unsatisfactory final results too often attained in our Unitarian Sunday-schools.

The first of these is the apparently increasing indifference of parents in regard to the moral training of their children; and the second evil — which is in a large measure the result of the first — is the notion which seems to obtain in the minds of most children that they have outgrown the Sunday-school when they have arrived at the age of sixteen or thereabout, and that further attendance is rather unmanly and unwomanly.

Now, the Sunday-school never was intended to be, and never can be, a substitute for the home; and its instruction never can, and never should, take the place of the thoughtful, prayerful, constant personal influence of father and mother.

The Sunday-school is intended to be an auxiliary to this home-training. But do we not know that in far too many instances all the religious instruction the child will ever receive must be imparted in the thirty or less hours of the Sunday-school year, by a teacher whose interest in the child is at best but an acquired one?

Again, if a parent is really interested in the moral growth of his child, he *must* be interested in the Sunday-school which that child attends. He will see that he is constant and punctual in his attendance, and makes an effort to learn his lessons.

But have we not all of us observed, that, while Mary and John must on no account miss a session of the day-school, the least indication of rain or the slightest symptom of an approaching headache is sufficient excuse for being absent from Sunday-school? And almost any pretext will suffice to warrant the child coming to its teacher without any preparation whatever of the lesson assigned.

Effective instruction under such circumstances is well nigh impossible; and it is no wonder that our teachers become discouraged, and are almost ready to exclaim that the whole system of Sunday-school work is after all a miserable failure.

Now, in speaking as I have I may possibly be entirely wrong (I hope I am); and if my comparatively short experience has led me to unjust conclusions, I trust that time will speedily show me my error. But why is it, let me ask, that our boys and girls leave the Sunday-school just at the time when its wholesome influence is most needed, — when the boy is just about to encounter the temptations of a business life, or the equally strong temptations which lurk around our higher institutions for secular instruction; when the young girl is getting her first peep into that mysteriously attractive but ever fascinating kaleidoscope which the world has named "society," when indiscriminate flattery and indulgence encompass her on her right hand and on her left, and when both boy and girl have emerged somewhat from the sheltering wing of home? Why is it that this time has been selected for severing their connection with that institution which had previously been looked upon as an anchor to the side of right and duty? Is it because parental authority and responsibility have ceased? Not at all; for that authority is still exerted when other questions are at issue; and that responsibility ends only with eternity. Is it because there is nothing more to be learned? To the child's mind this may be the answer; for we are never so wise in our own estimation as at this hopeful period in our lives. Is it because these young people have graduated from the Sunday-school in order to take a more active part in the work of the Church? No; for there is seldom an immediate increase in the interest or activity in that direction. Or is it because we, as superintendents and teachers, do not sufficiently exert ourselves to make the school attractive to boys and girls of this age? I fear there is a grain of truth in this last inquiry. We surround our infant department with everything that can attract these wee bits of humanity; we provide libraries full of entertaining books, occasional week-day diversions, and many other aids to assist our teachers in keeping up the interest of the children until they reach the age of fourteen or fifteen; but after that age has been passed we seem to imagine boys and girls should be led to come solely from their moral sense of duty. I have no doubt they should; but I am afraid it will be hard work to make the children fully appreciate that duty.

No. We must still keep our wits at work to devise means for making the Sunday-school attractive to these older ones, — not in the way of entertainments so much as in awakening and keeping alive a mutual interest between child and child, and between pupil and teacher.

The first step I should take in this direction would be to assign to a class composed of such young people the very best teacher at my command. If it should be the pastor of the church, do not allow him to spend his energy upon that Bible-class of adults who probably attend the service in the morning, possibly again in the evening, and who would no doubt attend a Bible-class held on a week-day evening if such were organized. Bring that pastor down into the Sunday-school, if he should prove to be your best teacher, and assign him that class of young people.

To be successful, he should become personally

acquainted with every member of his class, and should feel a real as well as an apparent interest in everything that concerned each one of them. He should endeavor to discover in what subject each is especially interested, and try to awaken his own interest in the same direction. Abundant opportunity will be constantly provided for him to make use of this interest in drawing his pupils to him; for, as David Garrick says, "a fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind."

And, teachers, as to instruction, do not attempt to fill these young minds with dry facts and petrified theories, but make them feel that everything you have to say to them has a personal application in their every-day lives. Make them really feel, if you can, that they are better and stronger young men and young women for having passed one hour out of the week in your class in Sunday-school.

The class conducted by the President of this conference is just such a class as I have described; and the results which he has obtained, largely through following out this course, are almost marvellous.

I think he would heartily affirm what I have said, and if he would speak to you, could tell you much better than I how admirably these principles have worked in practice.

And now, in closing these remarks, — which, I am well aware, have been addressed not to those to whom they most fittingly apply; for the black sheep are always conspicuous by their absence on occasions like the present, — in conclusion let me urge and beg all of you to give to the Sunday-school your hearty and visible support, not only or principally by means of money, that Unitarian panacea for all evils, but by your presence in our school-room, your encouraging word to our teachers, your pleasant smile for the children, and your interest in the many little works of benevolence in which our Sunday-schools are constantly engaged; and you may be very sure that your careful husbandry in this "nursery of the Church" will certainly help to build up the vineyard of our Lord.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

The Plymouth and Bay Association of Sunday-school Teachers held its annual meeting at North Easton on Thursday, June 17. There was a large attendance. An interesting series of reports from the nineteen schools in the Conference was read by the secretary. The total membership of these schools is 1,278 pupils and 180 teachers. Of the teachers 145 are ladies, and only 35 gentlemen. There has been an increase since last year of 5 teachers and 88 pupils. All the schools have libraries, varying in the number of books from one hundred to fifteen hundred. Nearly all the schools have concerts or special services three or four times a year.

The essay of the morning was given by Rev. J. P. Forbes, of Arlington, and was a thoughtful and suggestive paper upon the aim and method of the Sunday-school. In the afternoon Mr. W. C. Bates, Superintendent of schools at Easton and Canton, read an excellent paper, entitled "A Word from the Day-school to the Sunday-school." Among those who spoke during the day were Mr. W. H. Baldwin, Mr. William Crosby, and Revs. H. G. Spaulding, E. R. Butler, E. B. Maglathin, J. C. Brooks, Joseph Osgood, and Mr. McDougall.

At the afternoon session of the Norfolk Conference of churches, held in Dedham June 9, Rev. H. G. Spaulding read a paper on "Religious Education," and Mr. E. J. Lewis, Jr., read one upon the Sunday-school.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Society moved on June 18 to its handsome book-room in the new Unitarian building, at the corner of Beacon and Bowdoin Streets, Boston. We shall be happy to see all members and friends of Sunday-schools at these spacious headquarters, where they will find the office and editorial room of Every Other Sunday.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

Can mothers help teachers?

It often saves a great deal of time if a mother tells the teacher something about her child when it first joins the class, — especially about its home and its amount of general knowledge. A teacher can do little until she understands the character of each child; and she has so little time at her disposal that mothers should help her by talking to her about their children, — but not while the class is in session.

Do not some people talk as if the Church and Sunday-school were antagonistic?

Yes; but it is a great mistake. There is no surer way rightly to value church life than to be a working pupil in the Sunday-school. Some scholars never exert themselves enough to understand what is said; they simply hear, they do not even listen.

Is it a teacher's fault when she fails?

Yes, generally; and because she has not first learned the art of adaptation. Never scold a class. Please it by making it find that it knows a great deal more than it thinks it does. Disagreeable good people are failures in schools as well as in homes; *really* good people are agreeable.

Should a teacher praise her scholars?

Yes, constantly. Make opportunities to do so, if they do not occur of themselves.

What is the one consecutive purpose of a Sunday-school?

To *train* a child's mind to *think* on religious subjects, so that it shall recognize truth, and shall realize that noble character finds delight in the faculty of worship.

Should you wear your best clothes to Sunday-school?

It does not matter what the child wears, but the teacher should always try to look well.

BIOGRAPHICAL HELPS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Those who have provided our manuals for Sunday-school teaching have not overlooked the importance of biography. We have in Brown's "Life of Jesus for Young People" one of the best portraitures of Christ's life ever drawn, except those that are given us in the four Gospels. The new manual by Mr. Hall shows us the life and character of Saint Paul in a clear and inspiring sketch of the great apostle. Mr. Allen's book, the "Outlines of Christian History," is alive with the figures of the men who made that history. And now the Sunday-School Society has planned for its lessons in the coming years a series of manuals on great "Lives and Deeds." The first of these, by Rev. C. F. Dole, on *Early Hebrew Stories*, will be ready in September. There is to be no lack of biographical helps. Let our schools learn how to put these helps to the best use; and let the pupils supplement them by further reading and study in that broad realm of history wherein religion and ethics, as well as philosophy, teach us "by example."

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

[Abstract of an Address given before the Norfolk Conference, June 9, by Rev. H. G. Spaulding]

Mr. Spaulding spoke first of the scope and importance of the general work of the religious education of the young. In this great and comprehensive work many agencies are engaged, — the Home, the School, the Sunday-school, the Church, Nature, and Life. Among these, the Sunday-school alone *gives instruction* in religious truth, — the modern home, as a rule, relegating such instruction to the Sunday-school teacher.

The problem of religious education is one of the chief problems with thoughtful minds to-day. All social and industrial questions run back into the realm of spiritual laws. The duties of citizenship and the obligations of religion are in perfect harmony. Lately at our theological seminaries, social science and the applications of the Golden Rule to business and government have occupied the chief place in public discussions. On the other hand, laymen like Col. Carroll D. Wright, who wish to see the Sunday-school devote its best energies to making good citizens of its pupils, tell us that a man cannot be a good citizen if he does not believe in the immortality of the soul. The fires of anarchy in Chicago were kindled by men who never lifted their hands in prayer, and who denied all the sweet sanctities of Faith and Hope and Love.

To do its distinctive part in the general work of religious education, the Sunday-school should teach (1) the Bible; (2) Christian Ethics; and (3) Christian *doctrine*. Bible study is the chief business of the school, and should be taken up with enthusiasm and pursued by the best modern methods of historical and literary studies.

But the Sunday-school should inculcate ethical truth, and show its practical application to every-day life. Somewhere in the course of study the duties of man as a citizen and a member of society should be considered. Facts of modern life are as legitimate objects of study as facts of ancient life, if the purpose is to make religious and ethical truth real to the mind and enforce the carrying out of religion into life.

Doctrine, too, should not be neglected in the Sunday-school curriculum. A prominent Unitarian layman has lately said that learning the Assembly's catechism, bad as he now thinks that catechism to be, did him on the whole more good than harm. The truths which have shaped the characters of our Unitarian saints — our Channings and Kidders — can be taught to our children and youth in definite statements. The best Sunday-school teacher is he who works along the line pointed out by the Great Teacher of Christendom, one "who made himself the ladder by which men could climb from task to task and from truth to truth."

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